

CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From the Boston Daily Courier. Biblics and Sharpe's Office.

[The poet copies the closing proceedings of the Kansas Meeting in New Haven, and thus commences upon the same.—Eds.] Should you not, when this story— This desecrated story— This tale of downright folly, With a shade of drunken madness, With the odor of sulphur, With the maddening crack of rifles, With the scolding speech of outlaws, And the sibilant slang of grog shops, With the wild talk of great ninias, With their silly repetitions, And accumulating nonsense, And folly-mourning folly, As of thorns beneath the kettle, The unmeaning, senseless crackle?

We should answer, we should tell you, From the city of New Haven, From the Blue-leaf State's chief city, From the North Church of New Haven, From the land of wise old Trumbull, And that tramp, Dwight, r'verred doctor, Where are stiffer stipples to mining, Though sweet is the smell of sunshine, Where the sanctuary's droppings Ought to fall like angel's whippers, Where their orthodox anoints Once had common sense and reason, And where, if their minds were narrow, Still they minded their own business; On the shortest road to Heaven, Then their eyes looked, straight before them; On the right was no deflection, Nor yet fallings away leftward, And their hearts, still stout and manly, Fell some love of common country, And, where'er her flag was streaming, Of its starry constellation, Shone Connecticut not dimmest, In the storm, or in the battle.

Should you ask, who tells this story? This extraordinary story, Ask who gives this wild narration? We should answer, who tells this story? In the New York Times we find it: It has spread from town to village, It has stirred up indignation, It has awakened honest sorrow, It has called ungodly blunders Of deep shame, to many faces, For the church's deprecation, For the Christian name perverted, For the scandal and the outrage, For the sneers of the world's people, For the jeers of their satirists, For the holy name of Freedom Made a mockery and by-word, For a cause more holy, wounded In its friends' own house—the Gospel, And the lameness of the feet, "Peace on earth" once sweet message, Now turned into—"Get Sharpe's rifle!" What a spectacle for Angels! What a spectacle for Devils!

It still further you should ask us, Saying, "Who has done this mischief?"— Tell us of this ruffian preacher,— And this Silliman, upstirring Civil rage and wild dissension— We shall answer, who tells this story, Stray into such words as follows:

In the outskirts of Manhattan Looks this playhouse preacher, Beecher, And much rabblement's deluded By his holier sister's raving, But most decent Christian people Do a very wild berth give him; And the Silliman, once noted For a person scientific, His head and heart grew gray, and Must have grown himself impotent; But the church's pastor, Dutton, And this Harvey Hall, its deacon, And that fighting Mistress Pardee, And the "Significant" Killian, By our troth, we know not of them; But a very jumbled notion Must they have of Christian doctrine, And of man's sublimer spirit, And of woman's softer graces, Or the uses of their tongues, Of the law and of their duties, And of all that boys in College From their elds should be learning.

Should you still persist in knowing Something more of our opinion, We should make a sweeping answer, Which we may prove sufficient,— That each Sophomore, or Freshman, Who refused to give the rifles, Might have told his own conduct, For their wild, half-crazy speeches, For their bragging bluster, For their malicious intentions, And their actions correspondent,— Any Freshman might have told them, That deserved the stripes he got; To be hung as high as Haman, High as Haman, the Agagite, Tied around their necks "the Bible," Dangling from their heels "the rifles,"— But would they have had gotten, And the world have been no loser.

BARNUM'S MASTERPIECE.—Barnum has performed many wonders, but the greatest of all is the following: It consists in nothing less than passing down the Niagara cataract in a vessel constructed for this purpose. The vessel is a ball of gutta percha, thirty feet in diameter, supported in its interior by hoops, rings of steel, and wood. Strings of gutta percha, coming from four points of the rings, meet in the centre of the sphere, where they are fixed to a coat of mail of the same material. This is so fixed that a man buckled in it hangs, supported by the four strings, safe in the middle of the ball. At the lower end of the ball, where the lower part of the mail is directed, some lead is put, so that swimming in the water the head side will be turned upwards. In this upper part there is a hole which may be opened by the person in the interior. The ball is so strong as to sustain, without danger, the shock of the fall. On account of its size it cannot sink, nor can the person buckled in the coat of mail suffer any harm from the violence of the fall. As soon as the ball, after its fall, has found its centre of gravity, its inhabitant unbuckles himself, opens the flap, and gets out of the hold, waving the United States colors under the applause of some 50,000 or 100,000 spectators, whom Barnum intends to assemble, at one dollar each, upon the occasion of his first performance. From every such performance a gain of \$20,000 or \$30,000 is to be counted on, since from all parts of the Union spectators will flock to the cataract of Niagara. Barnum is about to make an experiment with a dog. If that animal arrives all right below, a nigger will be engaged for the next experiment. If that one arrives equally safe, the Yankee undertakes the first serious passage himself.

THE RIGHT STRIKE.—At the State convention of the Democracy of Louisiana, Mr. Hall, of Monroe, offered a resolution, "that the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention, whoever they may be, are the choice of this convention for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States." The resolution was adopted amid the most tremendous applause.

A NEGRO'S IDEA OF RAILROAD TRAVELLING.—The facility of railroad communication in our day is very pointedly illustrated in an anecdote before us, wherein a gentleman, inquiring of a negro the distance to a certain place, receives this reply: "Dat 'gine on circumstances, massa. If you 'gvine afoot 'll take you about a day; if you 'gvine on de stage or de honeybus, you make it in half a day; but if you git in one of dese smoke wagons, you almos 'dar now."

A CHARACTER.

An occasional foreign correspondent of the Edgely Advertiser furnishes the following sketch of a "character": PARIS, Jan. 25, 1856.—It was while smoking a cigar in the Buffet at the Bal Masque, of the Grand Opera, that I made the acquaintance of a most singular individual. I was speaking English to a young man, when a tall, lank, mulatto, in a loose shirt and trousers, leaning on a cane with "yes, sir—how do you do, sir?" He was passing on, but I cried after him, "Well enough, how do you do?" He turned, saying—"very well, thank you, sir, but I am devilish thirsty, and wish you would stand a drink for me." "Good! what'll you have?" "Grog American, thank you, sir." "What's your name, friend?" "John Matthews, sir, guide and interpreter, always before Meunier's Hotel, sir, and be very happy, sir, to serve you any way." But, to be brief, here's the fellow's history, which I got partly from himself, and partly from others—and the various accounts agree so perfectly that there must be a good deal of truth in the story.

John Matthews, after being engaged as a boy in the cod-fisheries, having been born in Boston, went to New Orleans as the servant of a merchant. Afterwards he served as under-cook on one of the steamers on the Mississippi, which place he changed for the berth of steward to a steambot on the Mobile. Thence he went with an American Minister to Q., where he learned Spanish, and subsequently to San Francisco, where his master having the bad taste to blow out his brains, John took to the mines, filled his pockets with a couple of thousands of gold dust, and returned to New York. Having acquired a taste for travelling and having heard talk of Europe, he determined to visit it. Landed in England, our hero became a pet of the Dutchess of Sutherland, and made the acquaintance of the young nobility of her set; but finally found himself reduced to the life of a Hay-Market sharper. He left London for Paris and got the place of valet at the American legation. Having acquired French, his reputation as a diplomat domestic spread so rapidly, that he was sent for from Russia to install our Minister there. But having the misfortune to be found drunk and creating a disturbance in the streets of St. Petersburg, with Lord D. and some other young nobles, he was put into the lock-up, and thus losing character, he made his way back to Vienna, attached himself to the legation, learned German and attended the court balls. He travelled with various masters, as interpreter, over the East, and Italy, and was put in jail at Jerusalem. Afterwards, being in Paris, he gallantly espoused the quarrel of three Americans to whom he was acting as guide, against four gendarmes. He knocked two of them down and was given apartments at Clichy for two months. In this unfortunate condition he was deserted by the Americans, and came near starving. Released, he threw himself on the mercies of one who gave him bread and employment, and finally sent him to Spain to install Dodge. Again in Paris, Matthews finds his business poor. He made a raise in the fall by being at a party of Loretos, who were gambling with some French nobility; the party being broken in upon by the police, John managed to secrete four Napoleons lying loose on the table in his stocking, and he has lived on them until now. He has kept a diary, which he tells me will fill two printed volumes, and promised to show it to me; but I have not seen him recently. The fitting up and publication of this diary would be no mean literary speculation in these autobiographical days of ours; not, however, that I intend to undertake so glorious an enterprise.

THE QUESTION IGNORED.—The Mercury, Times, Mirror, Laurensville Herald, and other papers opposed to the Cincinnati Convention movement in this State, have all ignored the true issue, and oversaw the argument in vain effort to draw off and distract the public mind. Finding themselves weaponless and powerless in the great argument, as to the propriety and expediency of a Democratic representation from this State in the nominating Convention, they have turned redoubtable knights, and are now engaged in a most terrific wind-mill conflict, sawing the air lustily with their trenchant blades. Like peevish, querulous boys, when forced into obedience, they undertake to compromise with the ascendant power by ignoring the original cause of quarrel, and in setting up a most piteous snarl over side issues, "full of hollow sounds signifying nothing." About six weeks ago they started on a crusade against the Conventionists, armed with a howling trumpet, and denunciations dire and dark, for their presumption in presuming to presume that the people of South Carolina are so presumptuous as to oppose the dictates of the oligarchy; and at last accounts they were lashing their victims most unmercifully on account of "small turn outs" in Abbeville, Laurens, Barnwell and other Districts. Voilay, they "saw the air thus."—Edgely Advertiser.

FROM NICARAGUA.—The steamer Charles Morgan has arrived at New Orleans from San Juan, with dates to the 16th. The steamer Orizaba arrived there on that day, and landed 525 passengers. Gen. Walker was reported to be all right. Col. Schlessinger's defeat is confirmed. He had 50 men killed. The cause of his defeat is attributed to total negligence on his part. The remnant of his party has arrived at KsIs, and the men cursed their "cowardly colonel" loudly. Captain Thorpe faced him with a pistol on the field, and threatened to shoot him as a coward. All was useless, however, as his cowardice had created a panic. He had not taken a single one of the usual precautions against a surprise, though within the heart of the country of the enemy.

Capt. Thorpe came passenger in the Ches. Morgan. He reports Walker as in a good position, prosperous, and receiving large accessions. Another battle had taken place at Arcagoza, between 14 Americans, under Capt. Baldwin, and 100 Costa Ricans, in which the latter were defeated, with a loss of 30 killed. Baldwin had only two men killed.

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The Spartan.

SPARTANBURG: THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1856.

Crowded.—To Correspondents. VIATOR fills a large space in our columns this week, and our Charleston and Columbia correspondents occupy nearly all that remains. DENVER and ANAHEIM are compelled to defer till next week, and we crave indulgence for both for the delay.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE AT LAURENS. The Laurensville Herald says that the Executive Committee of the Presbyterian College at Laurens have determined to commence the erection of the necessary buildings forthwith. This is well, and we hope for the institution a degree of prosperity equal to that which has attended our own Female College.

DISTRICT OFFICES. All persons having business with the public officers heretofore located in the Court House will find them in their old buildings, viz: The Clerk of the Court, Commissioner in Equity, and Ordinary, in the building south of the Spartan office, lately occupied by Dean and Triimmer, down and up stairs. The Sheriff may be found at his residence opposite the Court House.

SOUTH CAROLINIANS IN KANSAS. We learn through a friend that on or about the 19th ult., forty-four South Carolinians had reached Atchison, Kansas. This makes a total of sixty-four now in that town. Pretty well.

ANABROTYPES. We are much pleased to learn that our friend Col. Greene, determined to keep pace with the progress of his art, has just returned from Columbia, where, under the skilful tuition of Jos. T. Zealy, whose reputation in so extensive a field as the State as a master of his profession, he has perfected himself in the process and manipulation of the Anabrototype, or glass pictures. Col. G. has shown us a specimen of his own execution, combining all the excellencies of the most finished engraving, distinct in lights, and so true in tint as to give the appearance of the original. The Anabrototype must supersede the Daguerreotype in its greater delicacy and durability, and as it involves only about the same expense.

Col. Greene is now engaged in the preparation of the various chemicals requisite for the new process, and will in a few days be ready for the reception of sitters, who can readily satisfy themselves of the truth of our commendations by personal inspection of his specimens. Rooms on church street, opposite Palmetto House.

PROLIFIC. A correspondent, formerly of this District, writing from Columbia County, Arkansas, states that a negro woman, in his settlement, aged twenty-one, has nine living children. She had two the first six, three the next, and about the first of February last gave birth to four. It was facetiously remarked that if the accoucher had not been exhausted the number might have been doubled—of course this is not vouched for by the gentleman communicating the above facts.

WRIT DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDI. Under the above writ a court was held in the Court House on Monday last, in a case Ex parte Stephen White, in the matter of Daniel White. After testimony taken before the Commissioner the jury failed to agree, and a mistrial was the result. A new trial is fixed for the 24th inst.

MILITARY ELECTION.—On Saturday last Mr. Jephth Turner was chosen captain of the Spartanburg Volunteers, vice J. Ramsey Bowden, resigned.

MOUNT VERNON. The letter of John A. Washington, addressed to Mr. M. S. Wolford, stating that Mount Vernon was not for sale, published in the Spartan of the 27th March, has drawn from the papers of the country various opinions as to the purposes and motives of Mr. Washington. Nor has the discussion been confined to editors, correspondents and others having entered the arena for attack and defence. We have no desire to heap fuel upon the excitement thus raised in again alluding to the matter. Our purpose is simply to call attention to the article on our outside from the Southern Matron, which was sent to us with a request to copy, to undo the mischief of the Washington letter. We conclude that the paper from which we extract this article was sent by the Corresponding Secretary of the Southern Matron, as it came from Philadelphia, and we beg to call attention to the article, to the letter appended to the article, to continue it, but Mrs. Wolford neither to continue an "idle curious nor an insulting" query to the lordly proprietor of Mount Vernon. Admitting that he is overruled with such favors, would the lord of preparing a polite and gentlemanly reply have been greater than we have seen in the press? Whatever of harassment circumstances may have subjected Mr. Washington to, he should not have forgotten that his correspondent is a woman, and that the distinguished and adopted only because of the existence in this vicinity of a plurality of Mrs. Wolford's had a right to presume her a lady. He chose to ignore this fact, and to our minds he richly deserves the castigation so lavishly bestowed upon him.

James McCoombs suffered the penalty of the law on Friday last. At an early hour the jail was surrounded by a large crowd impatient to see the execution. The gallows was erected about a short distance from town, and it took two or three hundred yards before the original cause. About 1 P. M., the rope was tied and the unfortunate man, after taking leave of his friends and praying, was cast off the scaffold from his feet were removed, and he fell, his neck being apparently broken. He again uttered "O Lord," as the officers were carrying him up. Another rope was tied, and soon he swung between the earth and the heavens—a terrible sight, and a solemn warning to all. No incident can be attached to the Sheriff for the breaking of the rope, as it had been tested by him on the morning of the execution, and sustained a weight exceeding that of the criminal. McCoombs was not out down until a few minutes before two, when a physician pronounced him to be extinct. The physician, given to his friends. While regretting that he came down so untimely end, we must think that McCoombs deserved the punishment he received. It is to be hoped that murder will cease in Richland, for a short time at least, and that a regard for officers of the law will be enforced upon the community. On Friday afternoon, the Greenville train brought down the Washington Light Infantry returning home from their "pilgrimage" to the field of Cooper's. They were met at the depot by the Richland Volunteer Riflemen, and down to the north's Guards, and escorted to the Congress House. At 7 o'clock the Company had a dress parade, and afterwards marched up and down Main street, exhibiting by their evolutions a thorough knowledge of tactics, such as is acquired by experience. The Company is said to be one of the best drilled in the State, but it has a formidable rival in our rifle corps—and we think that the latter for variety and rapidity of evolutions, if not in other respects, can excel the former. In the evening of the same day, the officers of the Volunteer Riflemen, including the W. L. I. and other invited guests, sat down to a elegantly prepared supper, and passed off several hours in pleasant intercourse. Next morning the Company departed for Charleston, well pleased with their brief sojourn in the "City of the Oaks." Yours, truly, CONGARBE.

CHARLESTON CORRESPONDENCE OF SPARTAN. CHARLESTON, S. C., April, 1856. MISSA EDITOR: Winter with all its ills—its frosty mornings, and its cold winds, has passed away, and Charleston is beginning to put on its Spring attire, presenting all the varied beauties which are sought and admired in a southern city at this delightful season of the year. Owing to bad weather and other causes, the Spring trade was thrown behind, and consequently Charleston is still crowded with country merchants. Every afternoon King street, the favorite promenade of the fair ones, glitters with all the gorgeous hues of glossy silks and sparkles with bright eyes and pretty faces. Truly the Charleston ladies are worthy of the fame they have won, for beauty at any rate.

The harbor is now crowded with ships from every country, whose tall masts remind one of a dismantled pine forest, where the fire has raged and left the forest giants bare and leafless. Charleston is happily situated for commercial purposes. The Cooper and Ashley rivers rolling on each side join to form her bay before emptying themselves into the sea. "The Ocean," says Wm. Gilmore Simms, "rolls in sight, as it were before her doors, but six miles distant, but shut out from violent intrusion by long arms of sand, islands that stretch out on either hand, form a capacious basin, in which the city is equally conspicuous and secure."

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We were walking on the Battery the other day gazing out upon the many objects which were calculated to attract attention, and the thought struck us that we should like to take a trip to Sullivan's Island. The boat was about to start. We jumped aboard, and soon found ourselves fast receding from the wharves and the city. From the middle of the bay a most beautiful picture is presented to the view.

The first object which attracts the attention is Castle Pinckney—a strong fortress—whose yellow walls, rising from the bosom of the waters, make a beautiful contrast with the clear blue sky, and when we have passed it and looked behind upon the city, the effect is heightened to a great degree. The spires, steeples, chimneys, and the dense mass of houses, would make a very pretty picture. In about half an hour we arrived at Mount Pleasant, which seems indeed to be a pleasant little place. The boat stopped here about twenty minutes, and we had time to take a walk around. From this point we are afforded a very pretty view of Sullivan's Island, and of the entrance of the harbor, including Fort Sumter and Fort Johnson. Mount Pleasant looks much better at a distance than upon close inspection.

We were viewed from the boat on her passage to Mount Pleasant, a very fine appearance, seeming to rise from the very bosom of the ocean—while far above all, as if pictured in the sky, floats the star-spangled banner to the breeze, reminding the beholder of the greatness and glory of his country. The scene would not fall under any circumstances to open every eye, and feeling and sentiment in his heart, but how much is the effect heightened by the remembrance of that particular spot over which it waves, a spot so dearly and so interesting to the great struggle for freedom, and interesting to the South Carolina first victory over a British fleet. At the name of Fort Moultrie a Carolina heart would be dead if it did not bound with pride.

and mounted into a sort of one-horse railroad car, has been the last of many a mile, after a ride of about half a mile, the engine (a raw-boned, badly-fed horse) stopped, and we dismounted by the portals of the fort. We passed the sentry beneath the archway and found ourselves in the barracks, where we were met by a gentleman, who had been waiting for us, and spent about an hour in examining—and afterwards took a stroll on the beach. When we returned we were shown the grave of Oceda, which is by no means an interesting object to be seen at Fort Moultrie. We believe no file of his distinguished native chief has yet been published, or perhaps a sketch of his life—the materials of which we collected for our own gratification—would not be uninteresting to your readers. If you think so, I propose to make it the subject of my next communication.

COLUMBIA CORRESPONDENCE OF SPARTAN. COLUMBIA, April 25, 1856. MISSA EDITOR: As we write, the weather is decidedly not as good as for some time, and we are glad to see you so shortly. We are sorry that at noonday is rather uncomfortable, and is done of summer; and to the calculating mind suggests the query, if it is so hot now, how much hotter will it be next summer? But as a full recompense for this warmth, we believe no file of his distinguished native chief has yet been published, or perhaps a sketch of his life—the materials of which we collected for our own gratification—would not be uninteresting to your readers. If you think so, I propose to make it the subject of my next communication.

Assuming, then, that the graduates of the College are the benefited party, we submit, with due and solemn regard to all the rules of Logic, with a laxal deference to all the logical ones, that the taxation for such purpose is politically unjust—that it is a legalized fraud, and an imposition upon the people of the State.

But the students of this College are not the beneficiaries of the public donation. Their individual expenses are as large—as heavy, in that College, as in any other college in the United States. They get no pecuniary advantage, whatever, from Twenty-five thousand a year paid out of the public Treasury. To do them justice, they would scout, with unutterable scorn, the idea of their being pensioners of the State.

Who, then, gets the public money? The Faculty of the College get it. And they get some Five, or Six, Thousand Dollars a year more, over and above, which is made up of the tuition fees paid by the students. Besides all which, the State furnishes good houses for them to live in, and good books for them to read. And the kind-hearted, generous people of South Carolina pay the charges every year.

But who are the Faculty for whom and to whom we are compelled by law to pay tribute?—Indeed, you must not ask—the query—we must not be invidious, you know. They are not very "denominational," I believe. Two of them (you will not speak of it—two of them are distinguished foreigners, that is, born in the old countries; some others are natives of other States; and the rest,—well, I haven't heard, but they are all very great men—none like them in all the colleges; and besides, they're not at all denominational.

But, to return, seriously, to the subject. Is there any ground of public necessity, or of general good, or of patriotic duty, which requires this annual taxation—the annual absorption of the public money?

For the Carolina Spartan.

STATE PATRONAGE OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

Most civilized nations have decided, by custom, precedent, or usage, that a State is bound to provide for its destitute, or indigent population. This custom is justifiable on the ground of humanity, or of Christian obligation. In our State, each District is obliged by law to provide for its own poor. This provision for the necessary physical wants of the elementary mental instruction, of a class removed above the pauper, but who are pecuniarily unable to provide such elementary instruction for their offspring. In a republican government, where the people are the depositaries of power—where they are (in theory, at least) the only true sovereigns, it is deemed important that these arbiters of the public weal should be enlightened—should be able to judge correctly of civil and political rights, and to decide questions of public interest, expediency and duty. And, as every individual member of the body-politic is supposed to have a personal interest in the safety of the State—in the good government of the State, he is, by consequence, bound to assist in providing the best means for the attainment of that end;—bound to see that the ruling element—the people—is properly enlightened by an elementary education, and thus prepared to govern wisely and well.

We arrive, then, at the conclusion that it is right—that it is politically just, at least in a popular government, like ours,—that every man should be taxed for the support of elementary schools where the indigent youth of the State may obtain the rudiments of common learning. This custom of affording such instruction at the public expense obtains in every State in the Federal Union, and in most, if not all, the States of Europe. This is right. It is the State, like a thoughtful and solicitous mother, providing for her helpless and dependent children. It is a contribution from the rich, on Christian and patriotic grounds, for the elevation and well-being of the poor. The people are rightly taxed, and the fund is designed for noble and laudable ends.

Now, apply the foregoing process of reasoning to the State's yearly tribute to the South Carolina College. Every man, woman and child (owning property) in the State is taxed for the support of a college. But who derive the resultant benefits of such taxation? If the pupils of that Institution are the parties who receive the advantages of such an expenditure, then the benefits are conferred upon One Four-hundredth part of the free white youth of the State, who are of a proper age for educational advantages. Three hundred and ninety-nine young men are made to work for one young man!

If such an expenditure of the public money were necessary to prepare that one young man for the proper discharge of the duties of citizenship, and to raise him to a level in that respect, with other freemen of the State, and if this necessity arose out of the indigence and destitution of this one young man; then the taxation, and the expenditure, might be justified on grounds of public and patriotic duty. But the educational benefit derived is not necessary to the duties of citizenship, and it is not necessary for the purpose of elevating the one young man to a comparatively equal intelligence with the Three hundred and Ninety-nine young men, who are made to pay, by taxation, the money thus expended. A collegiate education is not a public necessity; it may be an accomplishment—a literary luxury. The most wealthy young man in the neighborhood is, generally, the only one who can afford the expense of going through the South Carolina College. The middle class and poor young men of the neighborhood have to pay the tribute, and then (Heaven bless them in their good works) take care of themselves!

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Is it suggested that the highest, as well as the lowest, order of education must be provided by the State.

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STATE PATRONAGE OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

Most civilized nations have decided, by custom, precedent, or usage, that a State is bound to provide for its destitute, or indigent population. This custom is justifiable on the ground of humanity, or of Christian obligation. In our State, each District is obliged by law to provide for its own poor. This provision for the necessary physical wants of the elementary mental instruction, of a class removed above the pauper, but who are pecuniarily unable to provide such elementary instruction for their offspring. In a republican government, where the people are the depositaries of power—where they are (in theory, at least) the only true sovereigns, it is deemed important that these arbiters of the public weal should be enlightened—should be able to judge correctly of civil and political rights, and to decide questions of public interest, expediency and duty. And, as every individual member of the body-politic is supposed to have a personal interest in the safety of the State—in the good government of the State, he is, by consequence, bound to assist in providing the best means for the attainment of that end;—bound to see that the ruling element—the people—is properly enlightened by an elementary education, and thus prepared to govern wisely and well.

We arrive, then, at the conclusion that it is right—that it is politically just, at least in a popular government, like ours,—that every man should be taxed for the support of elementary schools where the indigent youth of the State may obtain the rudiments of common learning. This custom of affording such instruction at the public expense obtains in every State in the Federal Union, and in most, if not all, the States of Europe. This is right. It is the State, like a thoughtful and solicitous mother, providing for her helpless and dependent children. It is a contribution from the rich, on Christian and patriotic grounds, for the elevation and well-being of the poor. The people are rightly taxed, and the fund is designed for noble and laudable ends.

Now, apply the foregoing process of reasoning to the State's yearly tribute to the South Carolina College. Every man, woman and child (owning property) in the State is taxed for the support of a college. But who derive the resultant benefits of such taxation? If the pupils of that Institution are the parties who receive the advantages of such an expenditure, then the benefits are conferred upon One Four-hundredth part of the free white youth of the State, who are of a proper age for educational advantages. Three hundred and ninety-nine young men are made to work for one young man!

If such an expenditure of the public money were necessary to prepare that one young man for the proper discharge of the duties of citizenship, and to raise him to a level in that respect, with other freemen of the State, and if this necessity arose out of the indigence and destitution of this one young man; then the taxation, and the expenditure, might be justified on grounds of public and patriotic duty. But the educational benefit derived is not necessary to the duties of citizenship, and it is not necessary for the purpose of elevating the one young man to a comparatively equal intelligence with the Three hundred and Ninety-nine young men, who are made to pay, by taxation, the money thus expended. A collegiate education is not a public necessity; it may be an accomplishment—a literary luxury. The most wealthy young man in the neighborhood is, generally, the only one who can afford the expense of going through the South Carolina College. The middle class and poor young men of the neighborhood have to pay the tribute, and then (Heaven bless them in their good works) take care of themselves!

Assuming, then, that the graduates of the College are the benefited party, we submit, with due and solemn regard to all the rules of Logic, with a laxal deference to all the logical ones, that the taxation for such purpose is politically unjust—that it is a legalized fraud, and an imposition upon the people of the State.

But the students of this College are not the beneficiaries of the public donation. Their individual expenses are as large—as heavy, in that College, as in any other college in the United States. They get no pecuniary advantage, whatever, from Twenty-five thousand a year paid out of the public Treasury. To do them justice, they would scout, with unutterable scorn, the idea of their being pensioners of the State.

Who, then, gets the public money? The Faculty of the College get it. And they get some Five, or Six, Thousand Dollars a year more, over and above, which is made up of the tuition fees paid by the students. Besides all which, the State furnishes good houses for them to live in, and good books for them to read. And the kind-hearted, generous people of South Carolina pay the charges every year.

But who are the Faculty for whom and to whom we are compelled by law to pay tribute?—Indeed, you must not ask—the query—we must not be invidious, you know. They are not very "denominational," I believe. Two of them (you will not speak of it—two of them are distinguished foreigners, that is, born in the old countries; some others are natives of other States; and the rest,—well, I haven't heard, but they are all very great men—none like them in all the colleges; and besides, they're not at all denominational.

But, to return, seriously, to the subject. Is there any ground of public necessity, or of general good, or of patriotic duty, which requires this annual taxation—the annual absorption of the public money?

Is it suggested that the highest, as well as the lowest, order of education must be provided by the State.

has thought proper to wage his shafts at "Victor" from his secret corner, taking the liberty to tell the world who Victor is, while shading himself under a fictitious name. His first and principal purpose seems to have been to prejudice Victor before the reading public. We are greatly informed, that— "A prominent feature of the scheme of Mr. Tucker (if I mistake not) was to arm the Commissioners of Free School with power to tax every District, and to give them a per cent. on the taxes for a reward!"

Now this statement is the product of bold, blatant, baron ignorance, or of unscrupulous malignity. The surface of it may select, guided by his taste in not only false, it is ridiculously false. Mr. Tucker never did propose any such thing, in any form or shape. No other man ever did propose any such scheme in South Carolina, so far as Mr. Tucker knows, or believes.

Mr. Tucker did propose the amendment referred to in the note, on the ground that it would give to the more wealthy Districts a larger share of the public fund, while the less wealthy Districts required it most. Mr. Tucker did propose a capitation tax for school purposes—the money to be expended in the District within which the tax was levied; the precise expenditure which "One of the People" now says would have been the only proper mode of increasing the school fund!

A system for common schools which was carefully and maturely considered, and framed, after a review of every school system in the United States, by the best models, and conforming, in its leading features, to those systems which have been most successful in practice, is described as a plan to tax the people by the Commissioners of Schools, that they might get a per cent. on the fund! And if the plan had any other points, there were "multitudinous objections" to them! This very fair, disinterested and patriotic individual rejoices at the defeat of Mr. Tucker's school measure; a measure he had not sufficient capacity to understand, or sufficient honesty to represent faithfully and fairly. If he wants to discuss the question of State patronage of the South Carolina College, he has the right to do so over any signature he may fancy. If he wants to censure Mr. Tucker's legislative notion, let him come out into the light, and do so in his own proper name. He will then receive the consideration at our hands which he may deserve.

This "distinguished Legislator," as the Express has designated him, "maintains, that whatever the State functionaries do, the people do." If he had sufficient intelligence to make a decent Doorkeeper for Legislators he would know, that of Ten hundred questions decided by the "State functionaries," the people do not, in fact, decide Ten of them; that they never have any previous knowledge of these questions; that, unless brought to their notice afterwards, either through the press, or from the stump, they never hear of them; that, as to the election of more than one hundred public officers by the Legislature, which recurs from time to time, the people, as such, have absolutely no voice, and but a very remote influence. If corruption and fraud have been perpetrated in the decision of these questions, or in the election of these officers, it is next to impossible to apply a corrective. Who will go abroad and canvass the State to arraign the corrupt, or the unfaithful, before their own constituents? If it is sought to be done through the medium of the Press, that press is pre-occupied by strong local influence, and is closed against such discussion; and if it were otherwise, one-half the voters do not read Newspapers at all. And when, finding this State of things to be a great public misfortune, upon which every patriot must look with regret, the true friends of public rights and pure government propose to elevate the standard of common intelligence, and teach freemen to read and to think, then a large class of men who despise the claims of the many (of which this same "One of the People" seems to be a genuine type)—out themselves in array against the measure, and "rejoice at its defeat." Yes! they rejoice with a reason, and from a motive!

The theory of our government recognizes the people as governing themselves; and what is done, legislatively, is done in their name, and by their supposed sanction. But, in practice, as political power is now exercised, they have but little to do, and but little real influence in the control of government. And unless they take their rights into their own hands—elect the State officers, themselves—demand the State reforms that are so much needed—they are likely to have still less power and less importance in future.